

KINGSWAY READERS



BOOK FIVE

EVANS BROS LTD LONDON

THE KINGSWAY READERS

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BOOK FIVE



EVANS BROTHERS LTD.
MONTAGUE HOUSE, RUSSELL SQ., W.C. 1

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS, Book Five of the Kingsway Readers, is a collection of stories designed to extend the child's vocabulary. The mechanics of Reading have been carefully dealt with in the two Introductory Books and Books I-IV. By a judicious combination of *Phonics*, *Look-and-Say* and the *Sentence Method*, the child has been taught to read for content and not merely for drill. Every sentence which he has met with in the printed page has been good English, since by an avoidance of arbitrary word families and so-called reading matter based upon them, normal language has been used from the very first.

Armed with this preparation, Book Five will present few difficulties to the young reader. Such words as may be unfamiliar are listed on pages 95-96, and these should be dealt with before any of the stories are begun. This is important, for the whole sense of a sentence or paragraph may be lost if a child is called upon to tackle difficulties for which he has had no adequate preparation.

The stories themselves represent a combination of old stories re-told and entirely new material. Humour abounds throughout, and the abundance of pictures, illustrative of all important points in the text, stimulates a child to read more to find out "what happens next."

Reorganisation based upon promotion by age has raised the problem of children entering non-selective Senior Schools who cannot read. The Kingsway Readers are ideal for this type of child, and the Publishers will be glad to forward a prospectus of the whole series to teachers who have such a problem to solve.

The Series consists of the following:

Kingsway Reading Cards: *15 cards, two-colour illustrations*

Introductory Book I

Book II

Introductory Book II

Supplementary Book II

Book I

Book III

Supplementary Book I

Book IV

Each of the above books contains three-colour illustrations

Books V and VI, *which contain black and white illustrations*

Teachers' Manual



GOODY AND HER HERDSMAN

1. GOODY MEETS THE BIG BROWN BEAR

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman named Goody who had a flock of sheep and lambs, a flock of goats, and a herd of cows and calves, and she wanted a herdsman to look after them.

So off she went to find one.

The first thing she met was a big brown Bear.

“Good day, Goody. Where are you going?”

“I am looking for a herdsman.”

“A herdsman? Why should I not be your herdsman? I have a fine voice to call your flocks and herds.”

“Let me hear it.”

“Grrrrr!”

“That is a fine noise. I think you will do. Still, I will see some others first. Come with me.”

So away went Goody with the big brown Bear at her heels.

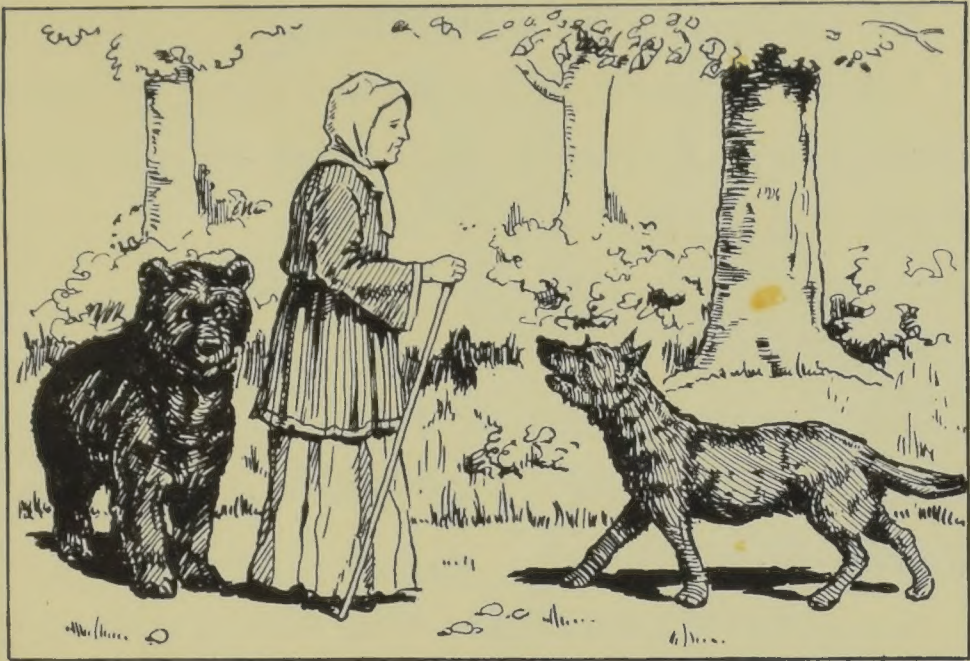
2. GOODY MEETS THE GRAY WOLF

The next thing she met was a great gray Wolf.

“Good day, Goody. Where are you going?”

“I am looking for a herdsman.”

“A herdsman? Why should I not be your herdsman? I have a fine voice to call your flocks and herds.”



“Let me hear it.”

“Grrrrr!”

“That is a fine noise. I do not know which is the better, so I think I will see one more. Come with me.”

So away went Goody, with the big brown Bear and the great gray Wolf at her heels.

3. GOODY MEETS THE OLD RED FOX

The next thing she met was an old red Fox.

“Good day, Goody. Where are you going?”

“I am looking for a herdsman.”

“A herdsman? Why should I not be your herdsman? I have a fine voice to call your flocks and herds.”

“Let me hear it.”

“Grrrrr!”

“That is a fine noise. I do not know which is the best, so I think I will see just one more. Come with me.”

So away went Goody with the big brown Bear, the great gray Wolf and the old red Fox at her heels.

4. GOODY MEETS THE DOG

The next thing Goody met was a Dog.

“Good day, Goody. Where are you going?”

“I am looking for a herdsman.”

“A herdsman? Why should I not be your herdsman? I have a fine voice to call your flocks and herds.”

“Let me hear it.”



“Bow wow!”

“Haha!” said the big brown Bear, the great gray Wolf and the old red Fox all together. “What a silly little noise! Listen to us: Grrrrr!”

“Yes,” said Goody. “You are all much better. I think I will have you all. Dog, I shall not want you.”

“All the same,” said the Dog, “I will keep with you. I think it will be best.”

But the Bear, the Wolf and the Fox growled so loudly that Goody did not hear him.

Away she went with the big brown Bear, the great gray Wolf and the old red Fox at her heels. The Dog followed on behind.

5. WHAT THE DOG DID

At last they came to the three fields where Goody's animals lived.

"Bear," said Goody, "you shall have the cattle; Wolf, you shall have the goats; and Fox, you shall have the sheep and lambs."

Away went Goody to churn the butter, and the Dog stayed behind.

Five minutes later he was barking at the dairy door.

"What is it, Dog?"

"Bow wow! Goody, the Bear is eating your biggest cow, the Wolf is eating your biggest billy-goat, and the Fox is eating your biggest sheep."

Away went Goody with the Dog at her heels, and soon she saw that what he said was true.

“ Oh, what shall I do ? ”

“ Bow wow ! Leave it to me.”

Away went the Dog, and he growled and barked and bit so hard that the big brown Bear, the great gray wolf and the old red Fox were soon running for dear life.

When he had driven them right over the hill the Dog came back.

“ Can I be your herdsman now ? ” he asked.

“ Yes,” said Goody. “ I see that a big voice is no good if it does not speak the truth.”

Since then the Dog has been herdsman to all men.

(Freely adapted from a Norse tale.)

THE CHEESES THAT RAN TO MARKET

A MAN was going to market to sell some cheeses. They were round and flat, and he carried them in a basket.

After a time he came to a hill. Far below he could see the town spread out, with church steeples rising high above red roofs.

As the man was gazing at all this, one of his cheeses fell out of the basket; and, as it was round and flat, it trundled off down the hill to the town.

“Well,” said the man, “there is a clever cheese! It knows the way to the market. It is going by itself.”

He looked at the other cheeses in the basket. They were very heavy.

“If one cheese knows the way,” he said to himself, “I suppose they all do.”

So he took them one by one and trundled



them down the hill. Some went straight, some did not. One ran under a bush. Another hopped over into a field. A third rolled into the ditch.

“Never mind,” said the man. “I suppose they are tired. They will get up and go on when they feel ready.”

He went into an inn for a while, and then trudged into the town.

“Where are my cheeses?” he asked when he came to the market.



But nobody knew.

“Dear, dear!” said the man. “I suppose they did not know which market they had to go to. I expect they have gone on to York.”

So he got a horse and rode off to York; but the cheeses were not there. He never found one of them.

I wonder what had become of them.

(From *Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham.*)

THE TWO ELVES

AN Elf went for a walk one day with a pack on his back.

“Oh!” he said to himself. “The sky comes right to the top of that hill. That must be the end of the world. I will go there. I should like to see the world’s end.”

So on and on he went. But when he got to the top of the hill, he found that the sky did not touch it, after all; and when he looked again, he saw another hill far away. The sky was touching it.

The Elf felt tired, but he took up his pack.

“Never mind,” he said to himself. “I will walk on. That *must* be the world’s end.”

So on and on he went. But when he got to the top of the new hill, he found that the sky did not touch it, after all; and when he looked



again, he saw another hill far away. The sky was touching it.

The Elf was so tired that he took his pack off his back, and sat on it, and cried.

“Oh!” he said. “I did think this was the world’s end.”

Then he heard someone coming. He looked up, and there was another Elf with a pack on his back walking up the hill. When this Elf got to the top, he saw the new hill far away.

“Good!” he said. “It is not the world’s end, after all.” Then he took his pack off his back, and sat on it, and began to laugh.

“Why do you laugh?” said the first Elf. “Are you not sad that this is not the world’s end, after all?”

“Sad?” said the second Elf. “No, I am not sad. I am glad.”

“Why?” said the first Elf.

“Why!” said the second Elf. “If this were the world’s end, I should not have a new walk to go to-morrow.”

“I had not thought of that,” said the first Elf.

“Shall we eat our supper together?” said the second Elf. “Then we could lie down to sleep under this hedge.”

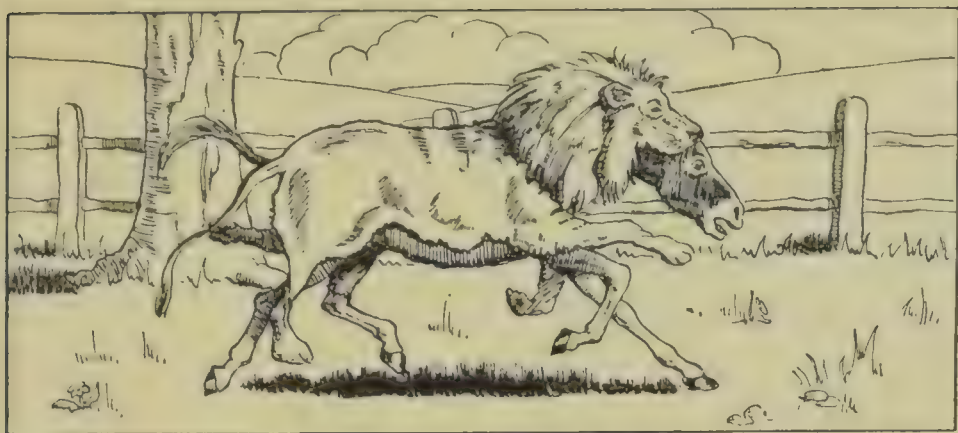
So they did, and the moon and stars came out to peep at them through the green leaves. They slept all night until the sun came out to bid them “Good day.”

“Wake up, you two Elves,” said the sun.
“The world is all before you.”

So they got up and ate their breakfast. Then they put their packs on their backs and walked away into the gay world of morning. They are walking still, and the world is new for them every day.

There is only one thing they fear: they fear that one day they may really come to the world's end. But I don't think they ever will. What do you think about it?





THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

THERE was once a pedlar who had a donkey. This pedlar was clever, but not very honest. You will see whether the donkey was clever or not.

This is how the pedlar was clever. He had a lion's skin, and when it was the donkey's feeding time, he used to dress him up in it and turn him loose on somebody else's land.

As soon as people saw a lion in the field, they used to run away, and the donkey was free to eat his fill.

But that was too good to last.

One day the donkey was feeding in a hollow, so that he could not be seen from the road.

Some men crossed the field by a path that ran near by this hollow.

“Look!” said one. “There is a lion in the hollow. Run, brothers, run.”

Away they went.

“What a fine fellow I am!” said the donkey. “Everyone is frightened of me. I will frighten them more than ever. Hee-haw! hee-haw!”

The men stopped. They listened.

The sound came again: “Hee-haw! hee-haw!”

Back they ran. They tore off the lion-skin and drove the donkey from the field.

“If you can’t say the right thing,” thought the donkey, “it is better to say nothing at all.”

And he shook his long ears.

(An Indian Story.)

THE RAINBOW

A VERY small fairy was walking in a very large meadow. She was very young, and this was her first walk.~

That was why she knew nothing at all about the world. She had never seen a cloud, and she had never even heard of rain.

So when a small cloud floated over her and scattered raindrops upon her, she did not know what they were, or what they were called.

But they troubled her, and so she called them "little troubles."

"Dear, dear!" she cried. "What are all these little troubles falling on my wings? Go away! Stop!"

But the raindrops did not stop. More and more of them fell, until the little fairy's wings were so wet and heavy that she could not fly.

She began to sob, and when at last she



paddled right into a puddle as big as a sixpence, she wept aloud.

“What is the matter?” said a voice.

The very young fairy wiped her eyes and looked round.

There, sitting under a mushroom, was a very old fairy.

“The little troubles have made my wings so heavy that I cannot fly,” cried the very young fairy.

“Never mind,” said the other. “I am so old that I cannot fly at all. Do you see the rainbow?”

The very small fairy looked up. There was her first rainbow shining across the sky, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet.

“Oh,” she cried, “what a lovely thing! If only the little troubles would stop, I could fly and sit on the end of it.”

The old fairy smiled.

“The little troubles will stop soon,” she said.

She was right. They did stop.

“But the lovely rainbow has gone,” cried the very small fairy.

The old fairy smiled again.

“You cannot have it both ways,” she said. “It is the sun shining on the little troubles that makes the rainbow.”

The little fairy thought for a while as she sat under the mushroom.



“Fancy little troubles making anything so lovely as a rainbow!” she said at last. “What a funny, mixed-up world it must be!”

“It is,” said her friend.

Then they walked away through the shining grass. It smelt sweet after the rain.

THE POTATO THAT KEPT ITS EYES ABOUT IT

1. SHOP DAYS

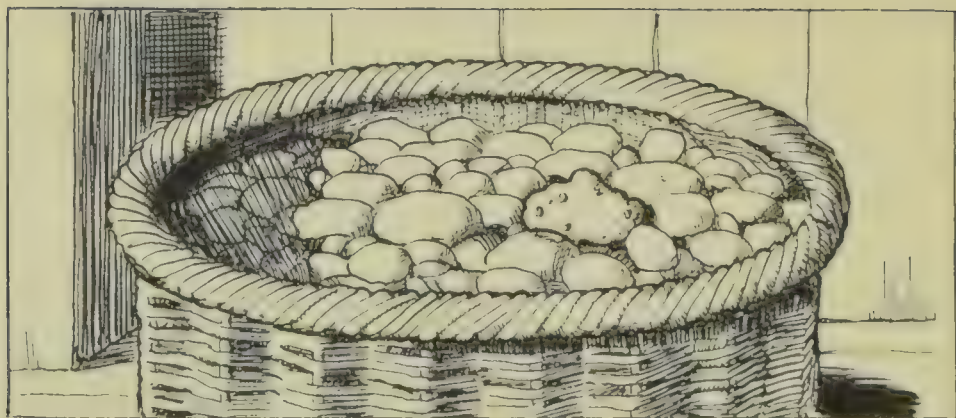
THERE was once a town, and in this town there was a street, and in this street there was a shop, and in this shop there was a potato.

This potato had all its eyes about it, but it was not happy. It lay in a big basket with many other potatoes, but still it was not happy.

For one thing, it was dirty, and for another, it was jealous of the potatoes in the *other* basket; and it is worse to be jealous than dirty.

The basket in which our potato sat was in a corner, but this *other* basket stood in the window. It was full of fat potatoes, as smooth as eggs.

There they lay, smiling at the sun, all brown and shining. You could see they thought a great deal of themselves.



Our potato simply hated them.

But when the Greengrocer said, "I must put some more potatoes in the window," our jealous potato was pleased.

He thought, "Master is sure to choose me, because I have such nice knobs on me."

He gazed at the Greengrocer with all his eyes, as if he would say, "Please take me. I have such nice knobs."

But the Greengrocer only said, "Here's a funny one—all knobby."

Then back into the basket went our poor potato, and out came a smooth one instead.

Our potato had been very proud of himself

till then, but as day after day passed, he became meeker and meeker. He thought to himself, "Knobby! That is what I am. I am too knobby."

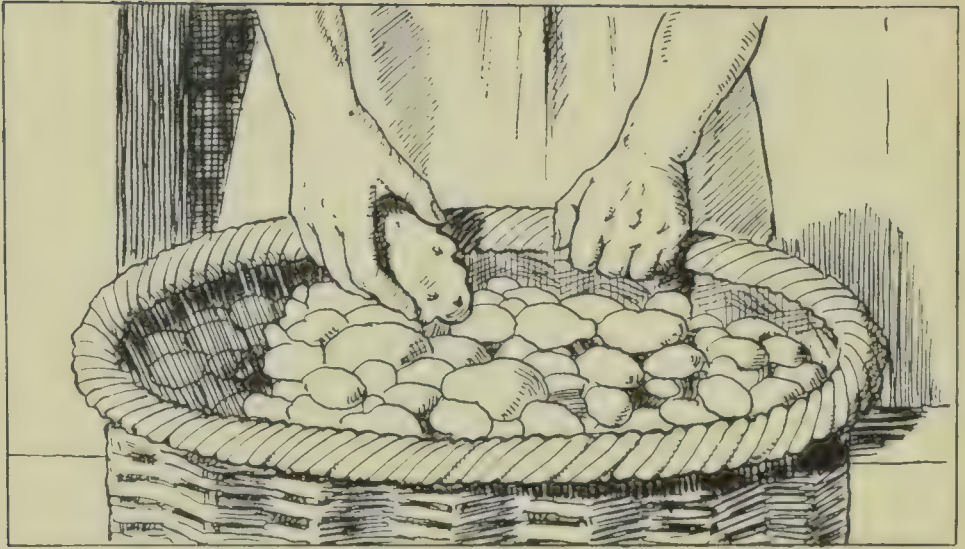
Next he thought, "What a life this is! I would do anything to get out of this hole. I wouldn't even mind being baked on the hot-potato barrow at the corner. I would even go to the fried-fish shop and be chopped up into chips."

But no one bought him, not even the Hot-Potato Man or the Fried-Fish Merchant.

2. ENDS AND BEGINNINGS

Spring was coming, the time when people plant potatoes; but still no one bought our potato.

He was beginning to think he never would be bought, when a man came in and said, "Let me have some seed potatoes, please; and will you see that they have plenty of eyes?"



“Aha!” said our potato. “Here is my chance.”

Sure enough, the Greengrocer picked him up and popped him into a bag with several of his dirtier friends.

Morning came. Soon after breakfast our potato’s new master took him out of the bag. As he looked at him he said, “My word! This one has plenty of eyes. Let’s try how many pieces we can cut him into. Then we will plant them in a row and see how many new potatoes we can get from this knobby fellow.”

“Really!” said our potato. “Cut me up, will you? What a life! This is worse than the dark corner.”

But before he could even roll off the table and hide, the man took a bright knife and cut him up. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten pieces! Ten pieces, with one eye in each piece!

Next he made ten holes, popped the pieces into one hole each, covered them with soil, and patted them down.



The ten eyes looked round, but not a thing could they see.

“This is a damp, dark place,” thought our potato ten times, for he was now in ten pieces. “This is the end of me.”

But he was wrong. Before many days had passed, the ten pieces began to feel very queer. Tiny roots crept down into the soil, and a white shoot pressed up out of each of them.

After a while these ten white shoots pushed their way up through the brown earth and looked at the sun. There they were, ten little shoots in a row, all turning green. Presently they grew into ten plants with hairy green leaves and pale purple flowers.

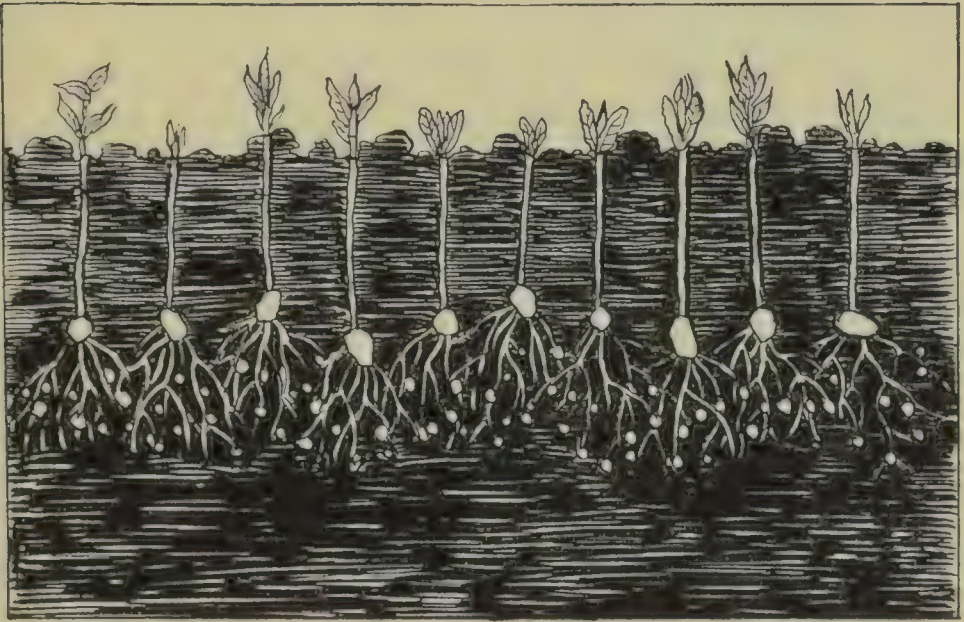
Summer went on. One day the owner of the garden came out with a fork and dug.

How many potatoes do you think he found? A hundred and ninety-nine! Our knobby potato had turned into one hundred and ninety-nine potatoes—smooth ones, bumpy

ones, round ones, oval ones, big ones and little ones.

How proud he would have been if he could have heard his master say, "My word! Knobby did his best. A hundred and ninety-nine! How is that for one potato?"

But of course Knobby didn't hear. He had ten eyes, but no ears, you see.



THE BIRDS

ONCE upon a time there was a farmyard with many birds in it. The Farmer came and threw down corn, and the birds walked here and there picking it up with their beaks. Three ducks and a drake paddled in a puddle in the middle of the yard.

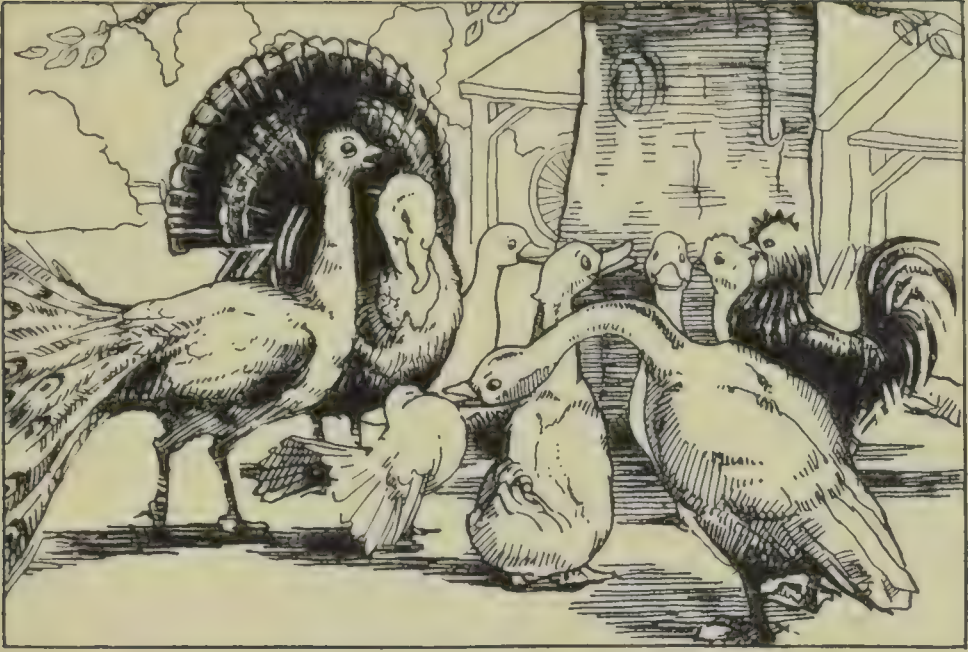
When all the corn was gone, the birds sat in a sunny corner and began to talk.

“I feel very well,” said the Cock. “I am a very fine bird. What a fine bird I am! What a fine tail I have! Cock-a-doodle-doo! I am the finest bird of all.”

“No, you are not,” said the Hen. “You can crow, but you cannot lay an egg. I can. Cluck, cluck! I am the finest bird of all.”

“No, you are not,” said the three ducks. “We can lay eggs and swim as well. Quack, quack! We are the finest birds of all.”

“No, you are not,” said the Drake. “I can



swim too, and I am red and green and blue and gold. I have curly feathers in my tail. Quack, quack! I am the finest bird of all."

"No, you are not," said the white Pigeon. "I can lay eggs. I can fly. I have red legs. I am a fantail, and I can put up my tail like a fan. Coo-coo! I am the finest bird of all."

"No, you are not," said the gray goose. "I am bigger than you. I can hiss. Sss! I am the finest bird of all."

“No, you are not,” said the Turkey. “I am bigger than you. I can put my tail up. My wife lays a very large egg, and I can say ‘Gobble, gobble!’ No one else can say ‘Gobble, gobble!’ I am the finest bird of all.”

“No, you are *NOT!*”

The voice was so loud that they all looked up. It was the Peacock. He had come from the garden, and was strutting on the wall. His long, fine tail swept down behind him.

“I am the finest of all birds,” said the Peacock. “Look!”

Slowly he raised his tail until it stood behind him like a splendid fan. Green, black, golden, blue, it flashed and shone in the red light of the setting sun.

Not a bird spoke.

Then—“Cluck, cluck!”

All the birds looked at the Hen. She began running for dear life. Then they looked again



—and they went too, running, flying, quacking, gobbling, screaming. What a noise they made !

Why did they set off to the barn as fast as they could ? What had they seen ?

They had seen the sly Fox peeping at them through a gap in the hedge. They had seen his white teeth and pink tongue.

In the barn they sat and looked at one another, all feeling rather foolish.

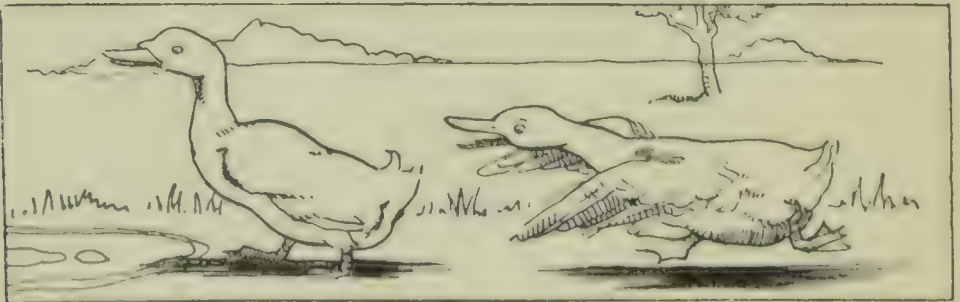
Then the gray goose spoke in his wise way.

“Well,” he said. “Where are all the finest birds in all the world now? Why don’t you all go and drive the Fox away? And why don’t I?”

Not a bird spoke.

“I will tell you why,” said the gray Goose. “We are all very fine in our own way, Cocks, Hens, Ducks, Drakes, Pigeons, Geese, Turkeys and Peacocks. But when the Fox comes we are not Cocks, Hens, Ducks, Drakes, Pigeons, Geese, Turkeys and Peacocks any more. We are just birds together, and that is the end of it.”

He was a wise old gray goose.





THE FLOWER THAT STAYED AS IT WAS

1. VISITORS

THERE was once a Bud. It was fast asleep; that was why it was a bud.

One fine morning it woke up and opened its eye; so then it was a Flower, and a pretty one too.

The new Flower looked at the world and was pleased.



The sky was blue above it, the sun shone softly upon it, and a little wind went whispering by.

They were all kind to the Flower. The sun kept it warm; the wind played with it; and when it grew thirsty, the sky sent a plump white cloud to sprinkle it with raindrops.

The Flower was so pleased that it thought, "I wish someone would come and talk to me."

A spotted Cow walked up.

It put down its nose as if it would talk ; but it just went “ Poof ! ” and walked on.

A Sheep came nibbling the grass.

It put down its nose as if it would talk ; but it just went “ Piff ! ” and walked on.

Then a brown Hare came.

She did not even say “ poof ” or “ piff. ” She just scratched her ear, and went on to see her babies. They were here and there in the grass, sitting very still so that no one should see them.

The Mouse was just as bad ; she twitched her little nose, and then ran on to see *her* babies in a hole.

Next came a fat brown Bumble-bee. She bundled on to the Flower. She buzzed. She pushed. She stole a drop of honey. Then he went bumping away without even saying “ Thank you. ”

“ What bad manners ! ” said the Flower. “ If that is all they can do, I would rather they stayed away. ”



2. WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

But the Flower was pleased when Betty and her Mother came along the footpath.

“I am sure they will like me,” the Flower said to itself; and it was right.

“Look!” Betty cried. “What a pretty flower! How well it would look in my little blue-and-white jug!”

“Oh, do pick me!” said the Flower. “I should like a blue-and-white jug.”

“I don’t think I should pick it, Betty,” said her Mother. “It looks well where it is, but if you pick it it will die before we get home.”

“Oh, *don't* pick me!” said the Flower. “I would much rather stay where I am.”

“Very well, Mother,” Betty said.

Then they went on together to buy eggs, and the Flower stayed where it was.

The little wind played with it, the sun smiled at it, and the sky sent another plump cloud when it was wanted.

“I am very happy as I am,” said the Flower. “Come in, Mrs. Bee. Come in and welcome. Take all the honey you want.”



THE THREE FOOLISH PEOPLE

1. JOHN AND JANE

THERE was once a young man named John, who wished to marry a young girl named Jane.

Her father said "Yes," and was pleased. Her mother said "Yes," and was pleased. Jane was more pleased than either of them.

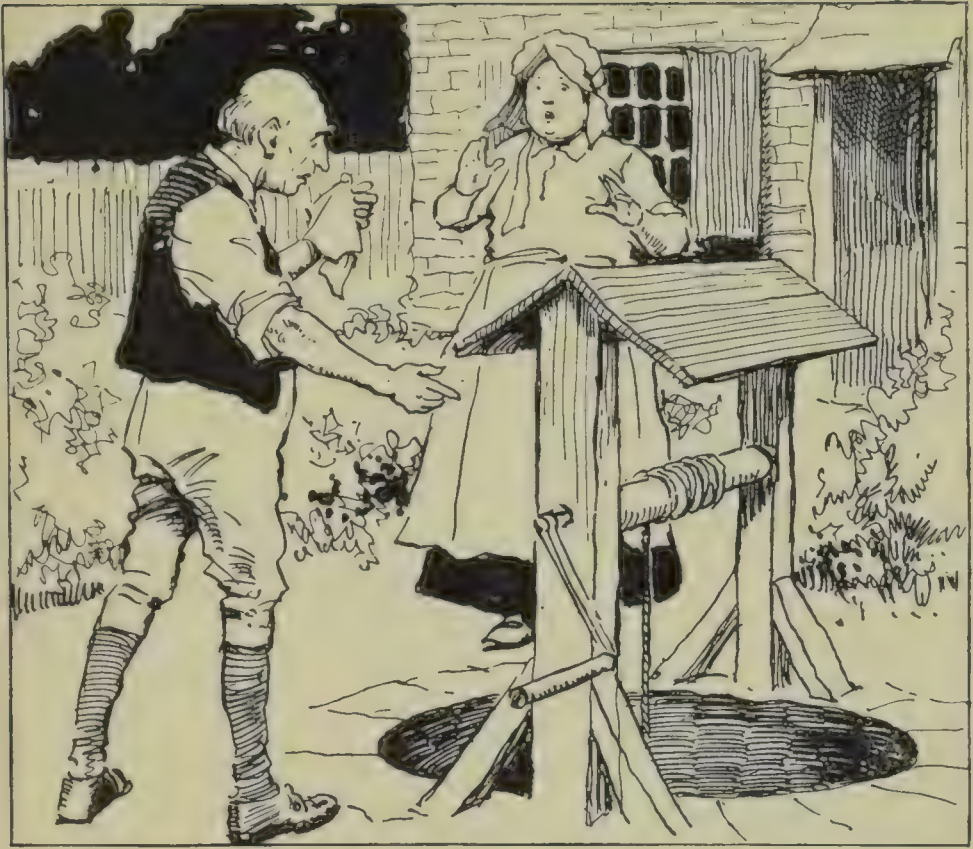
Now there was a well in front of the house. One day the father went to the edge of it.

"Dear, dear!" he thought. "Suppose Jane got married, and had a little son, and he came to play by the well, and fell in, and was drowned! Dear, dear!"

He began to weep into the well.

Then Jane's mother came.

"Why are you weeping into the well?"



“Suppose Jane married, and had a little son, and he came to play by the well, and fell in, and was drowned!”

“Oh dear, oh dear!” said Mother, and they both began to weep into the well.

Jane came next.

“Why are you both weeping into the well?”

“Suppose you married, Jane, and had a little son, and he came to play by the well, and fell in and was drowned!”

“Oh dear, oh dear!” said Jane.

Then there were three weeping into the well. They were still weeping sadly when John came.

“Why are you all weeping into the well?”

“Suppose you and Jane married, and had a little son, and he came to play by the well, and fell in, and was drowned!”

“Well,” said John, “I *think* you must be the three silliest people in the world; but I will go and make sure.”

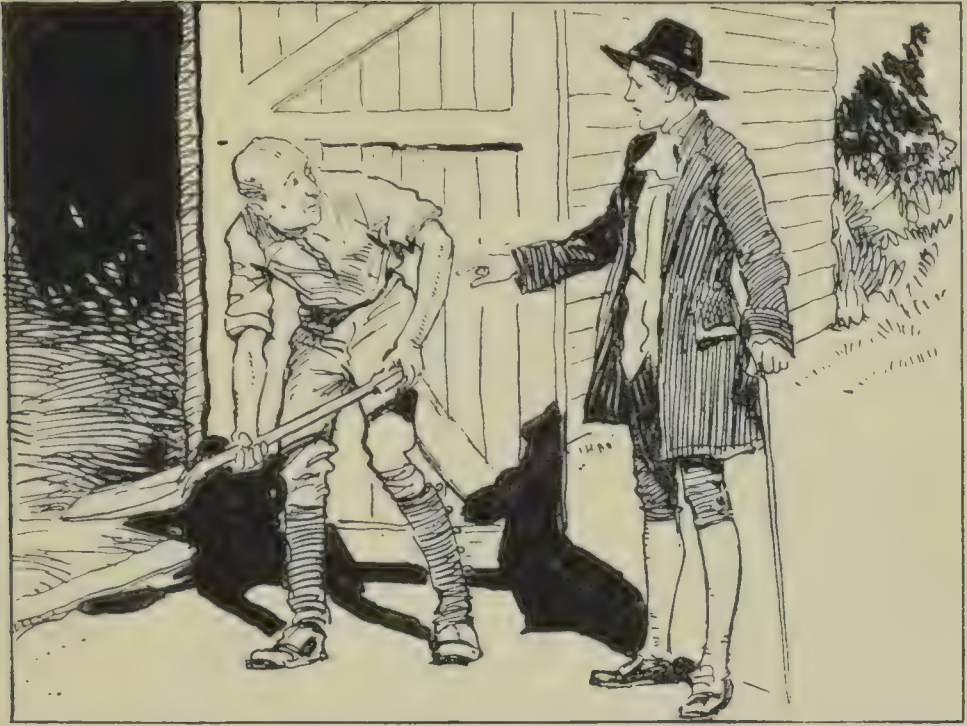
2. THE MAN WITH A SHOVEL

Off went John.

Soon he came to a man who was working very hard shovelling nothing into a barn.

“What are you shovelling into that barn?”

“Sunshine. I am shovelling sunshine into the barn to ripen the corn.”



“ But why do you not bring the corn out into the sunshine ? ”

“ I had never thought of that. Good luck to you, for you have saved me much hot work. ”

“ There is one foolish person, ” said John to himself, and off he went.

3. THE MAN WITH A COW

After a while he came to a cottage with a ladder against the wall. On the ladder was a

man with the end of a rope in his hand. On the other end of the rope was a cow. The man was pulling the cow with all his might.



“Why are you pulling the cow up the ladder?”

“You see that fine tuft of grass on the roof? I want the cow to eat it.”

“Then why not cut the grass, and take it down to the cow?”



“I had never thought of that. Good luck to you, for I have killed several cows already trying to get them up to the grass.”

“That makes two sillies,” said John to himself, and off he went.

4. THE MAN WITH A PAIR OF BOOTS.

He had to go a long way this time, but at last he came to a man who had a pair of boots hung on a line. He kept jumping over them.

“What are you doing?”

“That is a foolish question. Can’t you see that I am trying to get into my boots? But I always seem to jump too far.”

“Then why don’t you take them down and put them on?”

“Thank you. I had never thought of that. Good luck to you, for I have made my feet sore with jumping.”

“That is silly number three,” said John.

Home he went, and married Jane. They had a son later on, and a fine little fellow he was.

Little John often went to play by the well, but he did not fall in, and so he was not drowned.

Why did he not fall into the well? Because John had put a fence round it, and a lid on top of it.

(English Folk Tale.)

THE MINNOW AND THE GRUB

1. THE GRUB WITHOUT A NAME

THIS Minnow was not very little and not very big. In fact, he was just the right size for a minnow. That was what he thought. He thought, "I am just what a really nice minnow ought to be."

He really was very handsome, with a grey-green back and striped sides. Underneath he was paler, pinkish grey, like the mother of pearl inside some oysters.

It was not running water where he lived, so it cannot have been a broad river, nor even a small stream. It was a piece of still water. It was not a big piece, so it was not a lake. No; it was a small round pond, with a weeping-willow drooping over it.

The Minnow knew how to do all the things that a proper minnow needs to do. When he wanted to go forward he moved his fins, and



when he wanted to turn a corner he waved his tail, as all the best fish do.

He swam round the pond at about ten o'clock one sunny summer morning, looking about him with his bright, round eyes. He thought, "This is a very nice place to live in. The bottom of the pond is covered with soft brown mud, and out of it grow long green weeds. Yes, it is a very pleasant spot, and I am a very handsome minnow. There is nothing here that is not very pleasant indeed."

Then he looked hard at one of those long green weeds and opened his eyes wide with surprise, for he did not like what he saw.

2. HOW THE MINNOW SAW THE GRUB

“What is that?” he wondered, and he moved across to see, waving his fins in the proper way.

“What are you?” he asked.

“I’m a grub,” the stranger answered.

“I should think you *are* a grub!” said the Minnow rather rudely; “and a very grubby grub, too. What is your name?”

“Grub,” said the Grub.

“What grub?” asked the Minnow.

“Just Grub,” said the Grub, “as far as I know.”

“And what do you do?”

“Grub,” said the Grub.

“What for?”

“Grub,” said the Grub.



“Can’t you say anything but ‘grub’?” asked the Minnow crossly.

“No,” said the Grub.

“Really!” said the Minnow. “Well, Grub, I don’t like the look of you at all.”

Then the Minnow turned up his nose in the water and swam away.

3. THE GRUB FEELS ILL

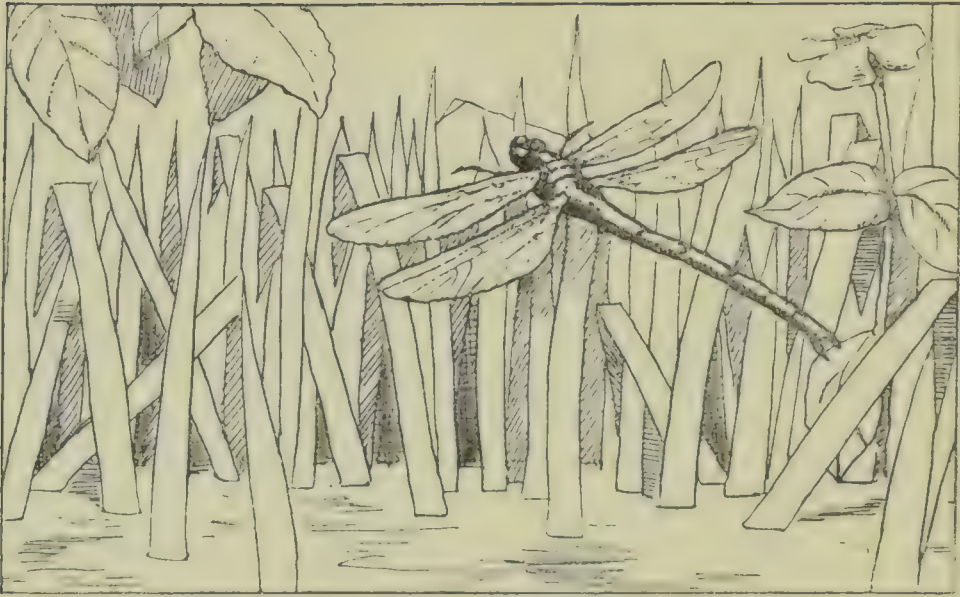
It was no wonder that the smart Minnow did not like the look of the Grub. He was not

pretty at all. Indeed, he was very ugly. His coat was of a dirty brown colour, and his head was large and flat. But he did not know or care. He went on crawling up the green weed until his nose came out of the water into the air. Then the rest of his body came after his nose, until he was all out.

He held tightly to a tall green weed, and for a long time sat quite quiet. He did not feel at all well. But though he did not feel well, his looks were getting better every moment. His eyes had been small and dull, but now they grew large and bright.

Then crack! his skin split open right down his back. Out came first a head, then shoulders, legs, a long thin body and four wings.

At first he felt very tired and weak, but after a little while he began to feel fresh and strong as the warm sun shone upon him. Soon he spread his four wings and fluttered them in the light.



They were wonderful smooth shining wings. His head was large and his eyes were very large indeed. From head to tail he was about three inches long.

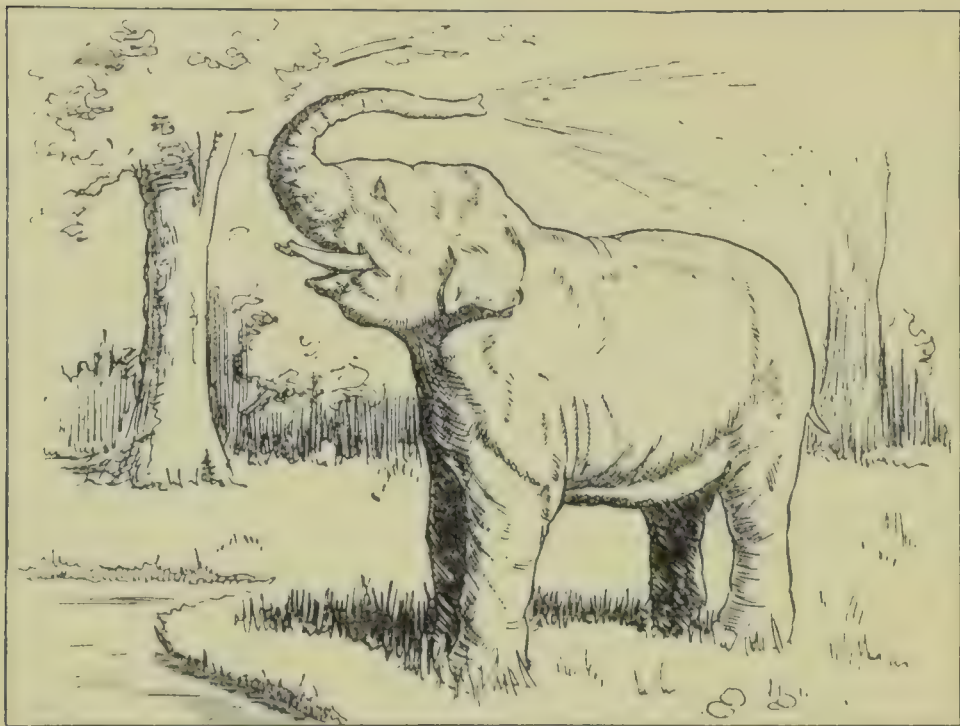
At last he spread his four wings and flew high over the water, his blue-green body flashing in the bright sunshine.

Meanwhile the Minnow swam about in the pond. He was glad to see that the ugly Grub had gone away.

“I don’t know who or what he was,” he said.

“I do not know where he came from, or how he came to be here ; but one thing I do know : even if he lives to be a hundred years old, he will not be as handsome as I am.”

If only the Minnow had known ! The ugly Grub, his wings flashing in the sunlight, was flying high over the green water. He was a grub no longer, but a great blue dragon-fly.



PIPKIN IN A COSY

1. PIPKIN SAYS "OH!"

THERE was once a plump little elephant named Pipkin, who was very proud of his neat, trim, smart looks.

Each morning he washed himself twice, first with mud and then with water; and he squirted well behind his ears each time.

One day, when he was out for a stroll, Pipkin saw a horse having its lunch out of a nose-bag.

“Oh!” said Pipkin. “How cosy his nose must be! I must have a nose-cosy just like that. Yes, I must.”

Off he galloped as fast as he could.

“Mother! mother! Will you please make me a nose-cosy?”

“I don’t think you would really like it, Pip.”

“I should, Mother. I am quite sure I should.”

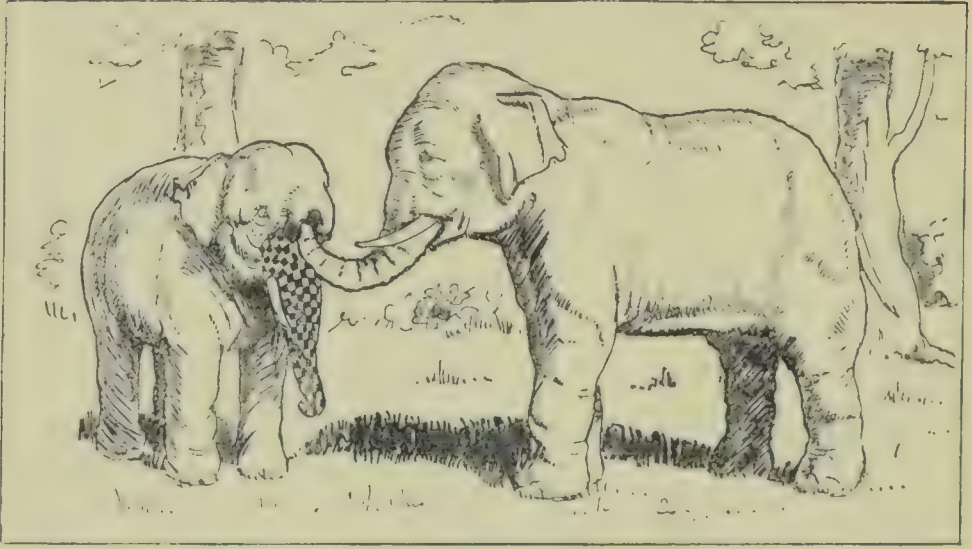
“Very well. We will call at Mr. Giraffe’s shop to buy the stuff.”

They looked at pale blue, and dark blue, and white, and cherry, and many other colours.

At last Pip chose cherry with little black squares.

Now Mrs. Elephant could pick up even the smallest needle with the tip of her trunk.

She used a zinc bucket for a thimble. She



put on her glasses, and threaded her needle, and sewed and sewed and sewed.

Soon the cherry-and-black nose-cosy was finished. Mrs. Elephant threaded a cherry ribbon round the top to tie it with.

Pipkin popped his little trunk in, and Mrs. Elephant tied the bow between his eyes.

“Do not look at the bow, my dear. It makes you squint.”

2. PIPKIN GOES FOR A TROT

Off went Pipkin for his morning trot in the jungle, with his nose-cosy on.

He met a deer.

“Dear, dear!” said the deer. “How smart you look, to be sure!”

Pipkin waved his trunk, and of course the cosy waved too.

As he trotted along, he met lots of animals and birds.

He met an ostrich, and an ape, and a gnu, and an emu, and a zebra, and an opossum.

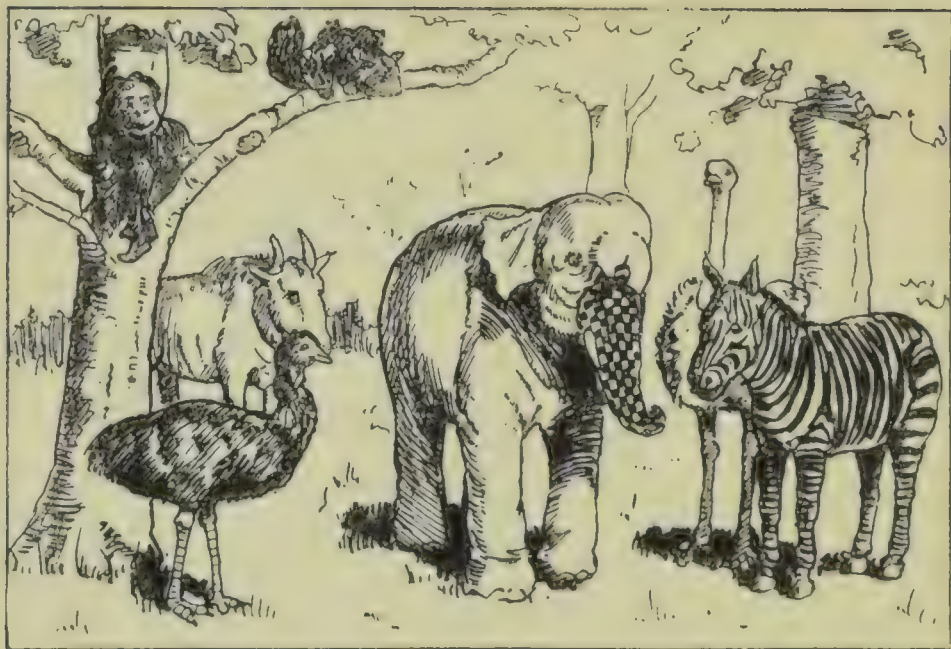
The opossum had five babies on her back. They all had their tails curled round her tail, so that they should not fall off.

They all cried, “Dear, dear!” just like the deer. “Dear, dear! how smart you do look, to be sure!”

Each time, Pipkin waved his trunk, and each time, of course, the cosy waved too.

Pipkin had never felt such a smart little elephant before.

The sun grew hotter and hotter, and of course Pipkin grew hotter and hotter too.



He tried to blow in his ear, but the cosy stopped that.

He came to a little stream.

“I think I will fill my trunk with water and squirt my back.”

But the cosy stopped that.

“Never mind. I will have an orange, or a banana, or a lemon, or a few grapes, or some green and juicy leaves.”

But of course the cosy stopped that too.

There was plenty of juicy fruit and leaves on every hand, but Pipkin could not pick it.

“I think I will untie the bow and take my cosy off for a little while.”

But the cosy stopped even that. Pipkin stared at it, and glared at it.

That made him squint in a most horrid way, but it did not untie the cherry bow.

Pipkin could not loosen the bow, or lose the cosy, so he lost his temper instead.

3. PIPKIN GOES HOME

But that did no good, so at last Pipkin took to his heels and set off home at full gallop.

On the way, he passed the opossum with her five babies on her back, and the zebra, and the emu, and the gnu, and the ape, and the ostrich.

They were all eating oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, melons, and juicy green leaves, and getting their noses very damp and cool.

They were paddling in streams and making themselves very comfortable.

But when they saw Pipkin they all stopped and cried, "Dear, dear, Pipkin! How smart you do look, to be sure!"

But Pipkin did not stop. He did not look at them. He did not say a word. He did not wave his trunk. He did not even wave the cosy.

He just galloped straight home.

"Mother! mother! Please open the door."

But Mrs. Elephant was out, so he had to sit on the step till she came back again.

All the time, he glared and stared and squinted at the cherry bow.

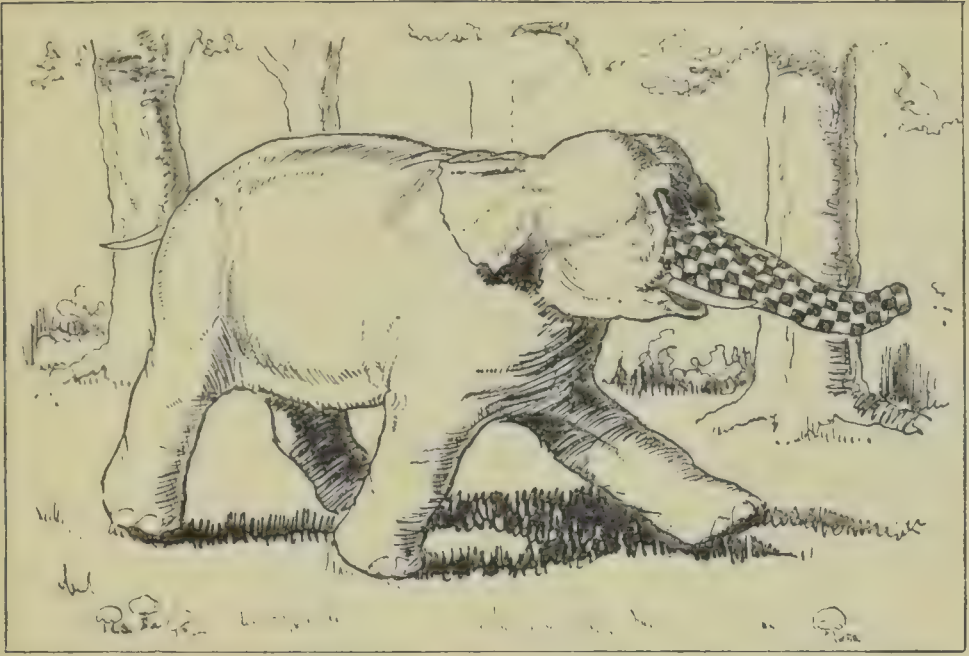
At last Mrs. Elephant returned.

"I thought you wouldn't like it," she said, as she untied the cherry bow.

"Oh, thank you, Mother. You were right."

Away went Pipkin.

He paddled in the stream.



He blew bubbles in his ear.

He squirted water over his back.

He ate one orange, two lemons, three bananas, four melons, forty-four grapes, and one hundred and ninety-nine green and juicy leaves, picking them straight off the trees with his useful little trunk.

Mrs. Elephant used the nose-cosy as a work-bag; and a very useful work-bag it made.



THE MAN WHO BLEW HOT AND COLD

IN the woods of long ago, they say, there were goat-men like this. They were called Satyrs.

One winter's day, when brooks were grey with ice, and birds sat puffed out like balls of feathers, a man met a Satyr in the wild woods.

The poor thing's fingers were blue, and much too cold to play the pipe, even if he had felt like music. His teeth chattered.

"You look half frozen, Goat-foot," said the man, who had a kind heart.

"And I am half frozen," the Satyr answered. "I have lost my friends, I have no food, and I do not know where to get any."

"Come," said the Man. "My hut is hard by. There is a warm fire there, and porridge enough for the two of us."

"Thank you, Man," said the Satyr.

"You are welcome, Goat-foot," said the man. Before long, the Satyr was squatting in front of a blazing fire, warming his fingers.

The man's fingers were chilly too, so he blew on them.

"Why do you blow on your fingers, Man? You cannot play tunes on your fingers."

"I blow them to make them warm, Goat-foot. Come, here is hot porridge for you."



They sat at the table. The Satyr took a spoonful, but he soon put it down again.

He opened his mouth to say how hot it was, but he shut it and opened his eyes wide instead. The man was blowing on his porridge.

“Why do you blow your porridge, Man? Do you want to make it warmer?”

“No, I want to make it cooler.”

“But you blew on your fingers to make them warmer.”

“Yes, I know, Goat-foot; and I blow on my porridge to make it cooler. Don’t you see?”

“No, I don’t,” said the Satyr, and he jumped off his chair and ran to the door.

“Where are you going?”

“Away,” said the Satyr. “I dare not stay with a man like you. I knew that men were queer animals, but this is too much. I do not know what to make of a man who blows hot and cold through the same mouth. Good-bye!”

And away he went through the wild wood, as fast as his heels would carry him.

(From Æsop’s Fables.)



THE TALE OF A TRUNK

1. MASTER AND MAN

THERE was once a very silly Servant. His Master called him and said :

“I am going away to ride and fish. I shall need a number of things, and I want you to go out and buy them.

“ Here are the things I shall need :

a horse to ride,

a line for my fishing rod,

a pair of boot-trees to stretch my boots,

and a trunk to carry my clothes.

Also we need a new perch for the parrot.

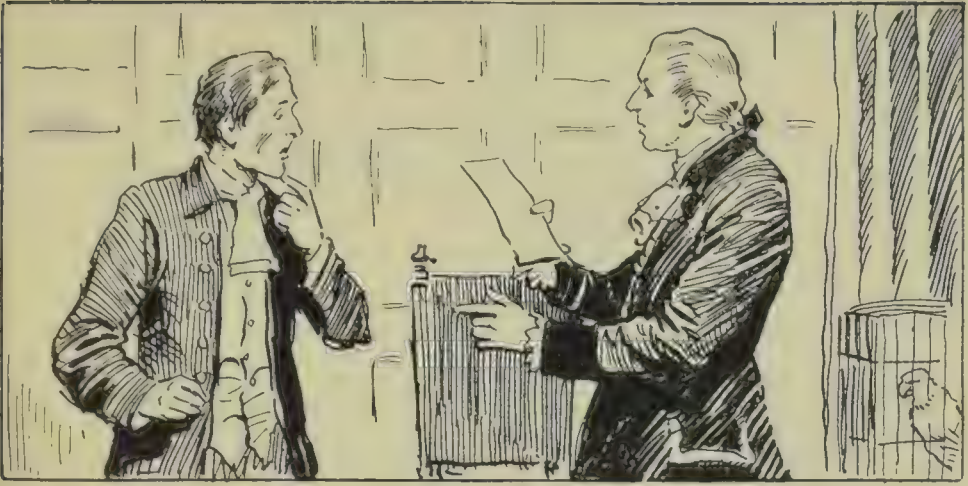
“ Make a list so that you do not forget anything.”

The Servant made a list :

A perch.

A pair of trees.

A line.



A horse.

A trunk.

Off he went with the list in his hand.

2. THE SERVANT MEETS THE FISHERMAN

After a time he came to the river. A man sat on the bank fishing.

“Fisherman, Fisherman, could you tell me where I can get a perch, please?”

“Yes, here. I have just caught a fine one, and should be glad to sell it.”

He took a fine perch out of his basket.

“That will do very well. Bring it to my Master, and he will pay you.”



Away went the Servant with his list, and the Fisherman with his perch.

3. THE GARDENER

After a time they came to a garden, where a gardener was hard at work.

“Gardener, Gardener, could you tell me where I can get a pair of trees, please?”

“Yes, here. I have two fine bay trees in tubs, and should be glad to sell them.”

“That pair will do very well. Bring them to my Master and he will pay you.”

Away went the Servant with his list, the



Fisherman with his perch, and the Gardener with his pair of bay trees in a barrow.

4. THE SHOPMAN

After a time they came to a shop.

“Shopman, Shopman, could you tell me where I can buy a line, please?”

“Yes, here. I have a stout clothes-line, and should be glad to sell it.”

“That will do very well. Bring it to my Master, and he will pay you.”

Away went the Servant with his list, the Fisherman with his perch, the Gardener with



his pair of trees, and the Shopman with his clothes-line.

5. THE PEDLAR

After a time they met a Pedlar with his cart.

“Pedlar, Pedlar, could you tell me where I can buy a horse, please?”

“Yes, here. I have a fine clothes-horse, and should be glad to sell it.”

“That will do very well. Bring it to my Master, and he will pay you.”

Away went the Servant with his list, the Fisherman with his perch, the Gardener with his pair of trees, the Shopman with his clothes-



line, and the Pedlar with his cart full of clothes-horses.

6. THE KEEPER

After a time they met a Keeper leading an elephant.

“Keeper, Keeper, could you tell me where I can buy a trunk, please?”

“Yes, here. My elephant has a fine trunk, and I should be glad to sell him.”

“Could I have the trunk without the elephant?”

“No. The elephant would not like that

much. If you want the trunk, you must have the elephant also."

"Very well. Bring him to my Master, and he will pay you."

Away they went together: the Servant with his list, the Fisherman with his perch, the Gardener with his pair of trees, the Shopman with his clothes-line, the Pedlar with his clothes-horse, the Keeper with his elephant, and the Elephant with his trunk.

After a time they came to the house. The Servant rang the bell, and the Master answered it.

"What is all this?"

"These are the things you needed, Master. The perch!"

The Fisherman waved his wet fish.

"The pair of trees!"

The Gardener patted his tubs.

"The line!"

The Shopman twirled his clothes-line.

"The horse!"

The Pedlar clapped his clothes-horse.

“And last of all, the trunk!”

The Elephant trumpeted with his trunk.

I shall not tell you what the Master said to his silly Servant, but the Servant did not like it.

“Dear, dear!” he said to himself as he watched them going down the path: the Fisherman, the Gardener, the Shopman, the Pedlar, the Keeper and the Elephant.

“Dear, dear! I did not know that one word could mean two things. Words are very odd, and I must be a little odd too, I think.”



THE LIONESS'S SON

1. THE BABY SHOW

ONCE upon a time all the smaller animals had a kind of baby show. There were the Mice, and the Rats, and the Dogs, and the Cats, and the Frogs, and the Caterpillars, and the Rabbits, and the Hedgehogs, and many more besides.

They all brought their babies to show the rest how very fine they were. Some of them brought a great many.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedgehog, Mr. and Mrs. Dog, and Mr. and Mrs. Cat had only five babies. Mr. and Mrs. Mouse, Rat and Rabbit had less than twelve, but the Frogs and the Caterpillars had hundreds and hundreds.

“What fine babies ours are!” said Mr. and Mrs. Rat.

All the other animals looked at them.

“Ours are finer than yours!” they all said; and then everybody said “Rubbish!”



Mr. and Mrs. Dog were quite sure that their puppies were the finest babies ever born, and Mr. and Mrs. Cat were quite sure that their kittens were the finest little animals ever seen.

“It is a great pity,” said Mrs. Cat, “it is a great pity that we cannot have so many kittens that the earth is full of them.”

All the animals said the same thing about their own babies.

What a barking and growling, and me-owing and squeaking and squealing there was, to be sure! They all talked till they were tired.

“Well,” said Mr. Cat, “we will see. One year from to-day, we will all meet again, and we will bring all the babies we have had in the year. Then we will take them all to the King of the Gods, and he shall choose which are best.”

The animals all went away then, talking of what they were going to do.

“We will find lots of new drains,” said Mr. Rat to Mrs. Rat.

“We will dig lots of new burrows,” said Mr. Rabbit to Mrs. Rabbit.



“We will nibble new holes,” said Mr. Mouse to Mrs. Mouse.

“I know a better trick than that,” said Mr. Hedgehog to Mrs. Hedgehog. “We will not spend time digging new holes. We will find them under the roots of trees, and I know a few old rabbit-holes that will do very well. We will fill them with moss and leaves to make them snug and cosy.”

When the year had passed away, the animals met again as they had said. What lots of babies they brought! There were new babies, and babies that were nearly as big as their fathers and mothers. There were quite a lot of little prickly hedgehogs, and dozens and dozens of little rats, mice and rabbits, and hundreds and thousands of tiny frogs and caterpillars.

2. HOW KING JUPITER CHOSE

Now the King of the Gods in those days was named Jupiter, and King Jupiter lived on top

of a hill ; so up the hill went all the animals in their hundreds and thousands.

King Jupiter looked at them as they ran and walked and waddled and hopped in front of his throne.

“Yes,” he said. “Very good ! Very good ! But who is this I see coming up the hill ? ”

All the animals looked round. Coming slowly up the hill was a great brown Lioness with shining yellow eyes. By her side was one lion cub. Proudly, the Lioness and her cub went and sat before Jupiter.





The animals all wanted to laugh when they saw that the Lioness had only one cub; but somehow they could not laugh.

King Jupiter spoke.

“Is this your only son?” he said.

“My only son,” the Lioness said, but she did not say it sadly at all. Her voice was proud.

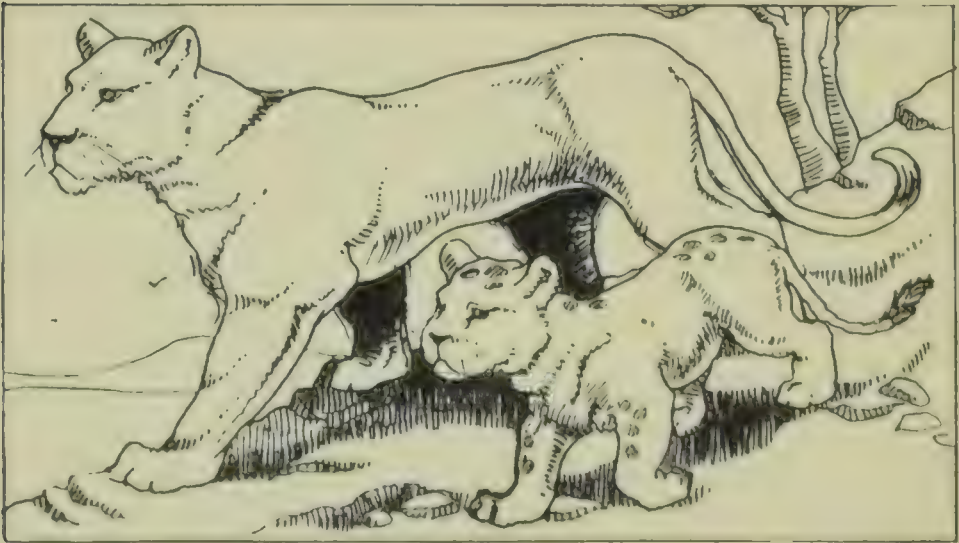
Then the King came down from his throne and touched the Lion cub’s head.

“Animals!” he said in a deep voice. “You have shouted how fine your children are, and

they are fine of their kind. The lioness has said nothing. She has only one son, but look at him. I name him as your king. There are many of you, but there is only one lion."

The lioness said not one word. Without even looking at the small animals with their endless young ones, she walked proudly down the hill to her cave, with her cub at her heels; and since then the Lion has been the king of animals.

(From Æsop's Fables.)



CATSKIN

1. THE CLOAK WITH SEVEN TAILS

THERE was once a rich man who wished for a son, so he was not very pleased when his wife gave him a baby daughter.

But he said, "Never mind. Perhaps the next will be a son."

But the next baby was not a son. It was another daughter, and so was the third.

At this the rich man was really angry.

"If the next is a daughter," he said, "I will send her away."

The next was a daughter, and the unkind father did send her away to live with some people he knew.

They were kind people, but poor, and when the little girl grew old enough, she had to make her own clothes.

One thing she made was a little cloak with a hood. The funny thing about it was that



it was made of catskin, with seven little tails hanging down behind.

So the people called her Catskin, because she had a catskin cloak with seven little tails hanging down behind.

One day Catskin said to herself, "These good people are poor, and my father will not help me. I shall have to make my own way in the world."

So off she went in her catskin cloak with the seven little tails wagging in the wind.

At last she grew very tired with walking, so she sat down on the step of a great castle.

The catskin made all the dogs bark, but she was glad of it all the same, for it was snowing hard, and she would have been very cold but for the cloak.

By and by the lady of the castle came to the door.

“What are you doing, my girl?”

“I am looking for work. May I work for you?”

“What is your name?”

“They call me Catskin, lady.”

“That is a strange name, but you may work in the kitchen. Go to the Cook and wash dishes.”

2. THE NIGHT OF THE BALL

So Catskin washed dishes in the castle kitchen, and did them well, too.

One day all the city bells were ringing. The Cook said, “The King is coming to town to-day. There is to be a great ball to-night.”



“I wish I might go,” said Catskin.

How the other servants laughed!

Their master’s son was riding by, and he looked in at the window to see what all the noise was about.

When they told him, he laughed too.

“If you did go,” he laughed, “perhaps I should dance with you.”

“Perhaps you would, my lord,” said Catskin as he rode away.

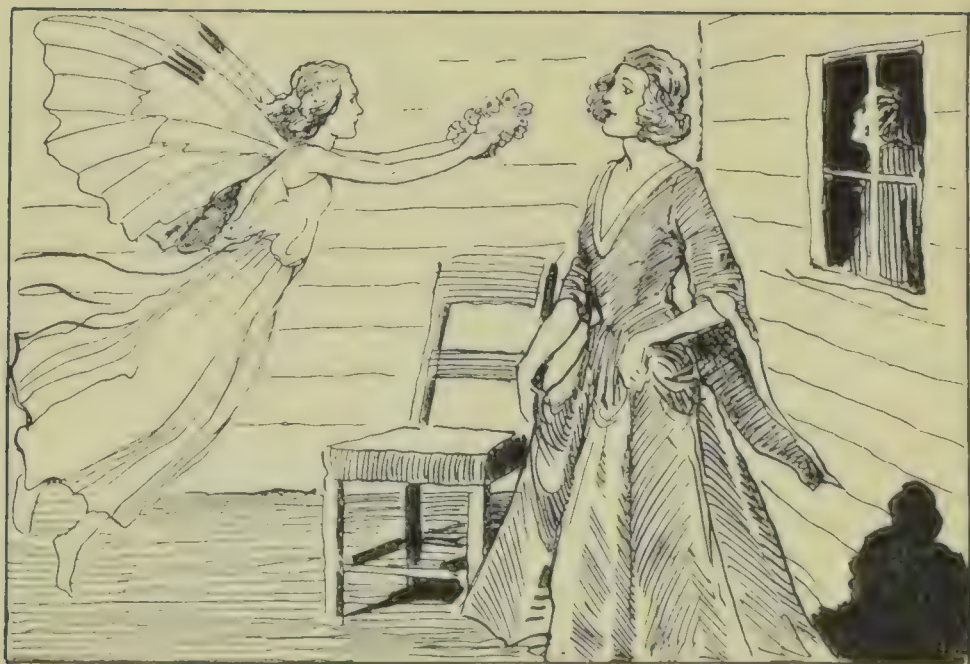
At that, the other servants laughed so loudly that the lady of the castle came running down.

“Lady,” said Catskin. “I have worked hard for a year and a day. Might I go to the ball to-night?”

The lady was so angry that she picked up a soup ladle and struck Catskin with it.

She struck so hard that the ladle snapped in two.





But Catskin went to the ball all the same, as you will see.

First she went to the barn where the House Fairy lived. This Fairy was a very busy person, and she liked Catskin because she was busy too.

So she gave her a dress to wear. It was made of silk, as blue as the summer sky. Catskin looked beautiful in it.

She looked more beautiful still when she twined daisies in her hair.

“Who is this lovely lady?” all the people at the ball said.

Her master’s son asked her to dance.

“Who are you?” he said when they had danced. “Where do you live?”

“I live at the House of the Broken Ladle.”

Then, when he was not looking, she ran back to her dishes.

Next day the servants made fun of Catskin.

“Well, was it a fine ball?”

“It was very fine indeed, thank you.”

“Ha ha!” they laughed. “Perhaps the young Prince danced with you.”

“Perhaps he did.”

At this they laughed louder than ever.

The young Prince was riding by again, and again he looked in at the window to see what all the noise was about.

When they told him, he laughed too.

“There is a second ball to-night,” he said.

“If you went to that, perhaps the King himself might dance with you.”

“Perhaps he might, my lord,” said Catskin as he rode away.

At that, the servants laughed so loudly that the lady came down once more; and once more Catskin asked if she might go to the ball.

Once more her mistress was so angry that she struck Catskin with the first thing that came to her hand.

This time it was a skimmer, and it snapped as the ladle snapped.

But Catskin went to the ball all the same.

3. THE SECOND BALL

That night the House Fairy gave Catskin a silk dress as green as a meadow in May. In her hair she twined lilies of the valley.

Catskin looked so beautiful as she came into the ballroom that the King at once asked her to dance.



Catskin liked dancing with him, but she liked the young Prince better; but the Prince did not know this, and he was not at all pleased.

But they danced together at last; and when they had finished, he said, "You told me that you lived at the House of the Broken Ladle. I could not find any such place."

"All the same, you know it well. But the name has been changed. It is now the House of the Broken Skimmer."

Then away she ran to her dishes, while the young Prince sat thinking.

He thought, "That beautiful lady is rather like the little girl in the catskin."

The third day was the same as the first and second. The servants laughed, and the lady was angry.

This time it was a basin that she broke.

That night the House Fairy gave Catskin the most beautiful dress of all. It was of golden silk like ripe corn, and there were golden marigolds to twine in her bonny brown hair.

As she was dressing she heard the young Prince calling.

"Catskin! Catskin!"

But she did not answer.

4. THE LAST BALL

Catskin heard the merry bells ringing as she ran to the ball.

The young Prince heard them too. They seemed to say

"Catskin, Catskin made to win,
Cat outside, but queen within."



This time the King did not ask Catskin first, for the young Prince was too quick.

When they had finished, he said, "I looked for the House of the Broken Skimmer, but I found no such place."

"All the same you know it well. But the name has been changed. It is now the House of the Broken Basin."

Soon after that, Catskin ran away as before; but this time she did not go alone. The young

Prince was looking out of the corner of his eye, and he ran too.

But Catskin ran so swiftly that he lost sight of her. All the same, he did not lose the way, for the marigolds fell from her hair one by one.

They lay by the roadside like twinkling golden stars, and led him straight to the barn.

As he opened the door, Catskin came out.

“Who are you?” he said.

“I am Catskin.”

“Then I will marry you.”

“You cannot marry a kitchen girl.”

“Indeed I can. I will go straight to ask my father.”

He went; but his father used the very words that Catskin had used.

“You cannot marry a kitchen girl,” he said.

The young Prince talked and talked, but it was of no use, so at last he went to bed.



Next day he was ill. A doctor came, but he got worse.

On the second day two doctors came, but still he got worse.

On the third day three doctors came. He got worse. In fact, he looked so ill that the doctors, the King, the Queen, the nurse and everyone else said the same thing :

“He will die if he does not marry Catskin. He must marry Catskin. Fetch Catskin.”

So Catskin was fetched, and at once the young Prince became well.

Then they were married in the great church while the bells rang loudly in the steeple, and they lived happily ever after.

(From an old English ballad.)



LOOK AND SAY WORDS FOR REVISION

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truth

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